

› Somethin' 'Bout the West Coast

[Intro]

I once was the problem
Now I am the solution
I don't need no cop to police my neighborhood, when I saw it myself
Together we can take back our streets
That's for the love of the community and for the love of my fellow brothers

Ain't nobody lookin' out for us but us
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[Verse 1: Paris]

It's something about the west coast
Hustlas on that let's go resist and represent though
Let the tech blow, ride for oppressed souls
Die for the right to know, liberation of my folks
Holdin' court in the streets, neighborhood respect
Gangland truce music beast
Keep the heat for the ones deservin', only for the ones that hurt us
Only for the ones that try to undermine our people's purpose
Thank you for your service
This hard truth slappin' sh*t is not intended for the nervous
Not intended for the coons or the racists, no safe spaces
Just embrace the hate that them devils gave us
Channel it and handle our opponents
Knowin' how to grow us into soldiers is my only onus
Focused rage translated into action
Nation-building with my comrades is the pa**ion

[Chorus: Ms. Monét]

It's funny what you see
When you're ridin' through the streets reflectin' on all the lessons
You learn on the path to becoming OG
Things really ain't what they used to be
So excuse me as I give a little game for free

[Verse 2: Paris]

Still mobbin', minus pullin' pistol on my people as an option
Taking it back to boulders from the shoulders straight squabbin'
Bringin' back composure with the locstas no dosha

Just focused, no hopelessness over this
Police rollin' on us over some bogus quota sh*t
Banks with the homeowners hustle foreclosure sh*t
Politicians posted like they don't notice the homelessness
You know I got a bone to pick, you know I'm letting them know what's going on with this
Moment in time and space
Collide my rhymes with ba** and it's murder was the case
P-Dog came to lace my loved ones
On how it's hell being black and young, I once was
But now I push this OG status, no beef crackin'
More retreats goin' towards promotin' peace
It's crazy how these woke and enlightened muthaf**kas got all the answers
But ain't got no reputation in these streets, it's deep, see
Now we can funk up in the streets or we can get this money
Pull up on 'em with the heat or we can get this money
Continue livin' like a sheep or we can get this money
Only a mark would think this gettin' money sh*t is funny
A crucial element to empowerment in this country
I ain't tryin to see the homies as monkeys for companies
F**k waiting on some crooked culture vulture dollars
It's about increasin' knowledge and achievin' scholarship
Spread love it's the Bay way, no AK spray
Just payday plays, I stay straight-laced
Informationed up on how to make a buck
These streets said drop a great one so I gave 'em one
With somethin' you can slap bones too
Shoot dice to, recite due Miranda rights if one time slide through
Hard truth you know what it is
Rest In Peace George Floyd, Nia Wilson, free Mumia, f**k the pigs